HERB SCHRADER'S

VIDEO DRIVE-IN!

#7

SEE CHESTY MORGAN EXPOSE THE "BIG TWO"

Excluding porn, the genre with a genital fixation, no other anatomical part has been so well documented, so inspirational than the mammory gland.

Curvacious, supple and usually attached to a non-talent, the breast is guaranteed to entice the targeted male audience everytime. Just ask Phoebe Cates....quiz Kitten Natividad.

DOUBLE AGENT 73 (1974)
on Electric Video
PRODUCER and DIRECTOR
Doris Wishman
MUSIC
CineTop
FEATURING
Chesty Morgan
Frank Silvano
Saul Meth

Guns explode!!!!!!! Never mind the inferior film stock.....excuse CineTop's canned soundtrack..... Its DOUBLE AGENT 73!!!!!!! as played by sleepy eyed, aaggy, 73 inch Chesty Morgan.

Fade in. Suburbia. A noisy burgler literally gets his hand caught in a cookie jar by two poker-playing mafia minions. The resultant scuffle ends with our hapless intruder getting fatally mangled under the gangsters' car. Once a Double Agent himself, the dying man's last words are, "Toppler.....scar."

Cut to the sandy beach where the hideous freak, Chesty Morgan suns her pasty flesh.

The term, hideous freak is not unjust. To see Chesty is to see the embodiment of crude

Watch out for the booby traps... They're explosive!

sexploitation. The sight of her 72 inches of blue veined sag, barely supported by a streched to the limit black bra is as gross a sight as I've seen. Filmed only from the most unflattering of camera angles, Doris Wishman's incredibly bad direction serves only to intensify Chesty's cheap stripper unattractiveness.

As a DOUBLE AGENT, her challenge is set forth: have an X-L 17 camera implanted in her left breast in order to bust Ivan Toppler's heroin gang, thus theortically, "saving the lives of 1000's of people."

"Why [me]?" she asks of the mission's conscription, oblivious to the fact that her quite full figure makes her the "only logical" choice for such a delicate operation.

With orders to take pictures of Toppler's hoods, (because,"one of 'em might be Toppler,") and to report back to headquarters no later than "March 11th" at 10:00 PM Chesty marches off, not knowing that a time bomb, inexplicably implanted along with the camera, will ensure her prompt return.

Packed with stale action and illogical intrigue, DOUBLE AGENT 73 exterminates an enemy nurse, gets caught photographing secret documents, decks a rival agent with a left breast to the head, and stumbles (wearing a trashy low-cut mock fur) upon the surprisingly bloody remains of her best friend; a victim of a botched assassination attempt.....Leave it to Doris Wishman to film the worst PSYCHO homage I've ever seen.

Each scene crassly culminates with seemingly unending footage of the topless Agent snapping away needless photographs of her dead

foes. Imperfect placement of the camera makes each of the swaying milk glands appear to be the size of a normal man's thigh!

Striving to find a shirt that fits her, Chesty repels a second assassination attempt by drowning her attacker via a mouthful of melting ice cubes.

When Chesty's love interest, Tim, "what's happening to me. I can't get AGENT 73--ahh Jane, out of my mind," accidently snaps the concealed shutter during an amourous advance, DOUBLE AGENT 73's seemingly six page script reaches epic disproportions.

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With time running out, and a bomb ticking in her busom, the busty agent's non-adventure nears completion. With only ten minutes to spare, Chesty: a) returns back to headquarters to have the hideous Kodak removed, b) views the film and finds out the heartbreakingly true identity of Toppler, c) fatally turns down a proposal by "Tim," and d) lets the camera gawk at her ghastley breasts for 5 more minutes.

Ending with an apt metaphor; a fade out of a 747 flying over her clevage, the unworldly DOUBLE AGENT 73 emerges as a must see.

end

Ah one, ah two, ah one, two, three, four.....Most exercise tapes strive to get home viewers up and out of their seats.....Not EROTICISE!!! Forget about acromegaly.....never mind that elephantiasis of the chest .....just sit back and relax.....its time to watch Kitten Natividad's mountains flop.

EROTICISE (1982)
Ed Hansen Assoc. Presents
a 3 G's Production
Directed by: Ed Hansen
Vestron Video
With:
Kitten Natividad
Ashley St. John
Gigi Anthony

Imagine a bunch of busty middle-aged gals getting together to exercise in various stages of undress on a coked out California-type producer's scenic porch.

Imagine Kitten Natividad bouncing at your front door wearing nothing more than a sheer red negligee.

Imagine an inactive 60 minute workout video with lots of pandering close-up crotch shots, lesbianistic overtones, laughably lurid tongue lashing and no dialogue.

You've just imagined EROTICISE.

Male actors can be used too. Remember Rondo Hatton? Here's Roger Reus's (editor of DEMENTIA) review of:

THE BRUTE MAN (1946)
Directed by: Jean Yarbrough
Produced by: Ben Pivar
Written by: George Brickern and M. Coates Webster

During the mid 1940's, Universal Pictures exploited the Neanderthal-like Rondo Ratton in three films, including THE SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK, HOUSE OF HORRORS, and a Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes flick, PEARL OF DEATH, before they filmed the concluding chapter of the "Creeper" trilogy, THE BRUTE MAN in 1946.

The Creeper was a massive hulk who murdered his victims by literally breaking their backs in his huge arms. The Creeper is never really made out to be a bad guy. Instead, we feel sympathetic towards him. He never kills without reason, even though many times the reason is simply because someone has feared his ape face and screamed out with disapproval. In this respect, the film borrows heavily from James Whale's FRANKENSTEIN.

Like Victor Frankenstein's monster, the Creeper is hated by all and hunted down like a dog. He never looks for trouble, "He only wants to be your friend," but trouble always finds him. Like Mary Shelley's creature, we feel for the Creeper, even though he murders many. Another homage to the Frankenstein legend is one scene in which the Creeper becomes friends with a beautiful blind woman (Jane Adams) who knows not what he looks like nor that he is indeed the dreaded Creeper. She hides and protects him in her small apartment until later she discovers his true identity. This entire subplot parallels the scene in the

original BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN in which Boris Karloff, as the creature, escapes those who are hunting him by finding sanctuary in a small cabin owned by a blind elderly man. One hopes that this was indeed an intended homage to Shelley's creation and not just another mindless rip-off.

Much of THE BRUTE MAN could actually be considered somewhat autobiographical of Hatton's own life. As in the film, Hatton was once a very successful, popular college football star who had everything going his way. In the film, it is a chemical explosion that transforms him into the Creeper, while it was actually his being gassed in World War I that distorted Hatton's features so grotesquely that even his closest friends didn't recognize him upon his return home.

Hatton simply could not act, and this film embarrassingly displays it more than any other. His natural cheek bones had been replaced by metal braces after the war, and his speech suffered highly from it. His dialogue shows no emotion, only the same dull Sylvester Stallone drawl.

All in all, THE BRUTE MAN is not quite as bad as most make it out to be. Yarbrough uses some fine camerawork as he films many scenes with the Creeper moving in and out of darkened, shadowy corners, but the viewer feels as if he is viewing a freak at a circus and not an actor in a film.

Universal finally realized that what they were doing with Hatton was nothing more than cheap exploitation and they quickly disowned the film and sold it to PRC Pictures who released it immediately. Hatton died shortly after filming was completed.

Keeping the pre-credit warning in mind, "This picture is intended to offend everybody regardless of race, creed or color, this gross caricature of early 70's American life leaves a lot to be desired.

One of the goofier times in American history, America saw its aging hippies turn their ratty bell bottoms in for maroon leasure suits. Nixon got disgarded and Linda Lovelace's exploits spiced up the sex life in suburbia.

Later claiming she was coerced then forced into playing the part of the throaty nurse (who else could of known of her "talent?") Linda is quite good nowadays, at hiding the fact that she starred in another pandering, cornball, thankfully obscure, R rated sex spoof, aptly called:

LINDA LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT
Produced by:
DAVID WINTERS AND CHARLES STROUD
Directed by:
CLAUDIO GUZMAN
Screenplay by:
JACK S MARGOLIS
Starring:
LINDA LOVELACE
SCATMAN CROTHERS
MICKEY DOLENZ

Non-directed by Claudio (I DREAM OF JEANNIE) Guzman, the sophomoric script centers around a a new political party, THE UPRIGHT PARTY (of course) and its presidental candidate, Linda Lovelace (it was either her or Jesus Christ). Packed with every type of sexual, racial or religious stereotype imaginable, along with the type of "adult" humor one might expect from a 10 year old boy, LINDA LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT fails as miserably as its predessessor, IF YOU DON'T STOP IT, YOU'LL GO BLIND.

In between scenes of composite images of Blacks, Arabs, Jews and homo's, Linda deleriously incorporates endless sexual double entendres when expounding her views

of humanity, "The family that "plays" together, stays together," "The "bigger" the job, the better," to throngs of gaping admirers.

An embarrassment to all involved, the script degenerates into nothing but throwaway lines when Linda is chased by an inept assassin who fears she just might win the election.

With lots of nudity, but not much else, LINDA LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT can be recommended only to bored left-handed anthropologists.

MONSTER A GO-GO (1965)
Producer and Director:
SHELDON SEYMOUR
(Herschell Gordon Lewis)
and
BILL REBANE
With:
PHIL MORTON
HENRY HITE

A MYSTERIOUS SPACE CAPSULE PLUNGES THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE....."strange thing has fallen to Earth," reports the astrophysical lab.....

A MAN IS SEARED TO DEATH....."human tissue, but different though!" expounds an expert.....

EXCESSIVE RADIATION DETECTED!!!..... "maybe a kid's prank," ponders a government official.

Maybe it's Herschell Gordon Lewis's MONSTER A GO-GO!

Life is a series of ifs in this admittedly "filler" movie, originally released on a summer double-bill package with the Jeffery Allen epic, MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN.

Seems Hersch bought an unfinished cheapee from Bill Rebane called TERROR AT HALFDAY, added some redundant conjuntive scenes, wrote some sacastic narration for script clarity (didn't help), released it to a sleeping Drive-In audience, and made money. Smart guy!

Space exploration goes haywire in this goreless, black and white no-budgeter, when Astronaut Douglass crashes to Earth during routine observation of an Alien orbiter.

Remains of the wreckage REVEAL THE STRANGE TRUTH: the star-crossed astronaut returns a hideous giant!

Filled with typical Herschell touches such as a corpse with blinking eyes, this too long at 70 minute void works best as a living room light.

Adding to the alienistic threat, the ill-fated ex-spaceman gets injected with an experimental anti-dote, (in order to restore his grotesque face) and suffers a NATIONAL SECURITY THREATENING side effect: bodily discharge of DEADLY RADIATION.

Mad and on the rampage, the gigantic freak's radioactive radius grows day by day.....But then, Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.....

MONSTER A GO-GO!

A WAY-OUT TALE OF A FAR-OUT MONSTER

starring

PHIL MORTON · JUNE TRAVIS

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And finally, World Video's plans include the release of THE HORRORS of BURKE and HARE

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